

H O N E S T Y

No 110 IN *Eng. Theatre*

Distress;

B U T

Reliev'd by N O P A R T Y.

A TRAGEDY:

As it is Acted on the Stage, &c.

A C T I.

Scene A Palace.

Honesty alone.

Lady and Attendance.

Honesty begins her Suit.

Lady turning to her Ser-
vants.

Lady's Woman.

Footman, to Honesty at
going off.

Honesty alone.

A C T II.

Scene Westminster-Hall,
with the Court Sitting.

Enter Honesty among the
Lawyers.

One Lawyer to Another.

Lawyer turning to Honesty.

Honesty sneaks off, and
Speaks aside.

Attorney to Brother Snap

Honesty is whisper'd in the
Ear by a Ruin'd Client.

A C T III.

Scene The CITY.

Honesty Begging along
the City.

A Precise Apothecary to
his Man.

Honesty [aside.]

Victualler to the Bar-
Keeper and his Servants.

Honesty [aside.]

A Grocer to his next
Neighbour a Hosier.

Honesty enters the Ex-
change.

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THE
P R O L O G U E.

*Spoken by a Miser going to Receive
M O N E Y.*

(Supposed at the *Play-House*.)

I Am in great Haste, good Friends, yet can't chuse,
But stay one Moment, just to tell you News.
Dame *Honesty* to Day, but Wonderous Poor,
Wrap'd up in *Rags*, came Mumping to my Door;
What Tatter'd *Maukin* have we here, said I?
Poor *Honesty*, said she, both Cold and Dry;
Then *Honesty*, said I, Pray go thy Ways,
I never got *Three-pence* by thee in my Days:
I might hav Starv'd, I'm sure, long since for thee;
And now thou wantest, thou e'en may'st Starve for me.
The Squeamish *Gypsie*, presently took Snuff,
And turn'd her Back upon me in a Huff:

Whither

The PROLOGUE.

Whither she is Rambl'd, Heav'n knows for me;
She's not amongst you There, as I can see,
Neither in *Boxes*, *Galleries*, or *Pit*,
In the Huge Crowd of Fools, that Gaping sit!
Nor can I find her out amongst you Men of Wit!
If in the Audience she has stol'n a Place,
And durst in *Play-House* show her honest Face,
Amongst the *Ladies* sure she must appear;
But Faith, and Troth, I cannot find her there:
Yet, tho' she's hard to find, I dare Engage,
You'll see her by and by upon the Stage;
But Cloath'd in *Woollen Rags*, no *Linne* under,
A Begging too, but that will prove no Wonder;
For in this *Iron-Age*, we daily see,
That *Knavery* gets the Start of *Honesty*;
And like our Wiser Leaders, I protest,
I always side with those that Thrive the Best.
Cou'd I but stay, I wou'd provoke your Laughter,
And tell you more of what you'll find hereafter;
But the Time is come, and I must go from hence,
To fill this *Bagg* with the *Commanding Pence*;
For he that in our *Christian City* Thrives,
Must run when Int'rest, that dear Devil drives,

HONESTY in Distress;

BUT

Reliev'd by no PARTY, &c.

A C T. I.

S C E N E *A Palace.*

Enter Honesty alone.

From *Anch'rites* lonely Caves, from *Hermite's* Cells,

And Rural Huts, where sweet Contentment dwells;

From Consecrated Groves, and Heavenly Meads,

Where no Vile Wretch, or Lustful *Harlot* treads :

Where kind *Turtles* murmur out their Love,

And *Saints* Contemplate on the Joys above :

Where

Where *Good Men* oft retire to shun the Rage,
 And Noisy Tumults of a Barbarous Age,
 That undisturb'd, they Calmly may sit down,
 Freed from the dire Confusions of the Town ;
 From these blest Shades, where Vertue, Peace and Love
 Embrace each other, and united move ;
 In this Plain Home-spun Dress, to Court I'm come,
 Thus Wander'd in my Clouted Shoes from Home ;
 How Stately does this Antient Palace look !
 How sweet those Walks ! How Pleasant yonder Brook
 How Large and Lofty are the Rooms design'd !
 How richly are the Walls with *Tap'stry* Lin'd !
 How easy do the Beds and Couches seem !
 How all things Merit Reverence and Esteem ?
 How costly Art do's thro' the whole appear !
 Sure *Honesty* must Needs be Welcome here ?
 What Mighty Man is stepping from his Coach ?
 This Way he makes his Fortunate Approach ;
 In Melting Words, I'll let him know my Case,
 And beg him to Relieve my sad Distress ;

Good Noble Sir, Behold a Wretched Maid,
 I do, prostrate on my Knees, Implores your Aid;
 Helpless and Poor, a Stranger, and Forlorn,
 Empty my Pocket, and my Garment torn;
 When Cold and Hungry, I for Pity call,
 I am but Despis'd, and Frown'd upon by All;
 Mock'd by Great Men, by every Knave abus'd,
 Tradesmen slighted, by the Mobb misus'd;
 Scand'ld on in Publick, by each Flattering Priest,
 Snubb'd in Private, as an Odious Guest;
 Only Commended to the Listning Crowd,
 Only follow'd, tho' Extoll'd so Loud;
 Prais'd by their Tongues, but by their Deeds disgrac'd,
 Honour'd, but seldom Heartily embrac'd.
 My own ungrateful Sex express their Hate,
 They seem well pleas'd at my Dejected State;
 Their loose Thoughts my Vertues they disdain,
 They Copy all my Modest Looks with Pain;
 To seem like me is their Chiefest Pride:
 With my Name, they oft their Vices hide;
 Now beneath these Miseries, I'm fell,
 Women love me with a Cordial Zeal,

But

*But like Base Men on my Misfortunes frown,
 And let me Rove neglected up and down ;
 Therefore I am Wander'd from afar to Court,
 To beg Relief among the Nobler Sort :
 For where shou'd Injur'd Honesty retreat
 For Shelter, but amongst the Rich and Great ?
 If they their Pity to a Wretch Deny,
 Where must wrong'd Innocence for Succour fly ?*

[Courtier]

You Mumping, Lazy Slut, how came you here ?
 How dare you in such Rags address a Peer ?
 Your Name without Enquiry, I can guess,
 From your thin Jaws and despicable Drefs ;
 You art a Bold, Forward Baggage, on my Word,
 To crave Reception here, where you're Abhorr'd.
 Alas ! thou art grown, even Scandalous of late,
 And thy stale Charms obnoxious to the State.
 The Hide-bound Rules and Principles you boast,
 Are quite Exploded, and entirely lost ;
 To Kings and Nobles, they have done much Hurt,
 And always prov'd Destructive to the Court,

Mother

Virtue
Honour

Monarchs on thy Account have been Undone;
 When'ere Carefs'd, thou art Fatal to the Throne;
 Some Princes have Resign'd the Golden Prize,
 Rather than let Thee fall a Sacrifice;
 But always have been Blam'd for keeping True,
 To such a weak and Helpless Wretch as you.
 For *Sceptres* are no longer safe, we see,
 Than Int'rest is Preferr'd to *Honesty*:
 Wert thou but allow'd in Courts to Pry about,
 No Office shortly wou'd be worth a Groat.
 Our Num'rous Slaves wou'd be Reduc'd to Few,
 And our *Six Horses* dwindle into Two;
 Therefore Conceal thy Wants, and Disappear,
 For shou'd some *Craving Courtier* see you here, [came
 They wou'd Charge you with a *Plot*, and swear you
 To set the *Court* and *Kingdom* in a Flame.
 Depart with Speed before you give Offence,
 Left *Policy* and *Interest* drive Thee hence,
 Make the Rude Soldiers Hoot you from the Court,
 And turn your Poor Condition to their Sport;
Virtue and *Rags* Great Souls alike abhor;
 Honour, or *Wealth*, or *Idols* we Adore:

B

Begone,

Begone, I say, the *Airy Wanton She*,
 Is far more Welcome here than *Honesty*.
 For Refuge fly within the *City Walls*,
 There mend their *Measures*, and Reform their *Scales*;
 Reprove their *Compters* for Immoderate *Fees*,
 And give their *Traders* better *Consciences*;
 Teach *Loyalty*, 'til truly it is Embrac'd,
 Reclaim their *Wives*, and keep their *Daughters* Chast.
 Ne're mind the *Court*, for our Aspiring Souls,
 Must Wander far beyond thy Narrow Rules.

[Exit Courtiers]

[Honesty alone]

What sad Returns to my Complaints, I hear,
 That drown my Greatest Hopes in wild Dispair;
 The Higher Rank, tho' Nobler Bred, we see,
 Regards not Poor Distressed *Honesty*.
 Wrapt up in *Interest*, they my Worth despise,
 And o're my Head to *Wealth* and *Honour* rise;
 Condemn my *Virtues*, Brand me as a *Cheat*,
 And let me Mourn and Perish at their Feet;
 But see, some *Gallant Lady* moves this Way,
 Tho' 'tis in vain, I'll t'other Moment stay;

How Glorious she appears, she must, I see,

Great Quality by her Attendance be.

Good Heav'n, with *Melting Words* Inspire my Tongue,

That I may move her as she Treads along,

To show some *Pity*, and Redress my *Wrong*.

Enter Lady and Attendance.

[*Honesty begins her Suit.*]

B Rightest of *Beauties* I have yet beheld,
 To a *Poor Virgin* some Compassion yield;
 Pity a Wretch, that's void of all Offence,
 Who knows no Crime, but lives in Innocence;
 Tho' thus Reduc'd, from all *Corruptions* freed,
 And a *Pure Maid* in very *Thought* and *Deed*;
 Banded from House to House, from Town to Town,
 Pity'd by *Few*, but Entertain'd by *None*,
 Pelted by the *Rabble* as I pass the *Street*,
 And Mock'd by every Scoundrel that I meet.
 My *Nature* and my *Name* do well agree,
 The Character I bear, is *Honesty*.
 My Life is *Virtuous*, and my *Actions* Just,
 I hope for *Heav'n*, and in the *Gods* I Trust;

(12)
Yet by the *Angry Fates*, thus low I'm Hurl'd,
And know not one *True Friend* in all the World:
Therefore, *Sweet Lady*, I your *Friendship* crave,
Such *Beauty* a *Tender Heart* must have.

The Lady turning to her Servants.

How came this *Wench* within the *Palace Gate*?
How *Boldly* do's the *Tatter'd Gypsie* Prate?
With what strange *Confidence* the *Maukin* Brags,
Of her *Starch'd Virtue* in her *Stinking Rags*!

Lady's Woman.

A *Saucy Slut*, I'll warrant her, to Profess
Such *Stiff-neck'd Honesty* in that *Poor Dress*.
Honour has *Virtue* always by the Hand,
The *Latter* can't without the *Former* stand:
The *Rich* and *Noble* are the *Chast* and *Good*,
The *Needy* can't be *Honest* if they wou'd;
When *Money* Tempts, they Conquer all *Restraints*,
And sacrifice their *Virtue* to their *Wants*.
Madam; Ne're mind her Talk, *Poor Silly Soul*,
The *Ragged Saint* is but some *Soldier's Trull*;
By *Laziness* and *Vice* Reduc'd to Want,
And comes to Mount the Guard with her Gallant.

Nasty Thing, Dissembling, Lying Jade;
 and Huffy, She in Thought and Deed a Maid!
 I am, You stand too Near the Frowzy Minx,
 this be *Honesty*, I'll swear she Stinks.

[Exit Lady and Attendance.]

Footman to Honesty at going off.

Poor Wretch! Begone, they'll make thee but their Sport,
Honesty is always Ridicul'd at Court;
 Beggar here succeed in what they Crave,
 the *Designing Filt* and *Flattering Knave*.

Honesty alone.

Unhappy Wretch! O miserable me!
 That my own Sex shou'd so Cenforious be.
 Hard-hearted Woman! how cou'd she Express
 such Cruel Thoughts, that add to my Distress:
 Were her own *Ills* to Publick Eyes made Clear,
 how Monstrous wou'd the Vicious Wretch appear!
 For none but *Those* to Wicked Courses bent,
 wou'd Wrongfully Accuse the *Innocent*;
 How soon the Courtly *Dame* cou'd give an Ear
 to her Proud *Confidant*, and *Flatterer*!

Those,

Those, who on *Sycophants* for Truth rely;
 Must be in most Things Basely led away;
 For where the *Fav'rite's* sure to be Believ'd
 The *Great* by *False Reports* are oft Deceiv'd.
 By *Flatterers* and *Tales* are made to see;
 Not what Things are, but what they'd have 'em be.
 A *Soldier's* Trull, alas, I am Misus'd,
 To find by my own Sex, I am thus Abus'd:
 Man's Sordid Sights touch me not half so Hard,
 Because *Honesty* is a Woman's Guard,
 The only *Friend* the *Charming Fair* can Trust,
 And the Best Guide to keep their *Actions* Just:
 But since to be Despis'd and made their Sport,
 Is all the Welcome I can find at Court,
 Along those Shady Walks, I'll make my Way,
 That do to yonder's Lofty Piles Convey:
 Where *Scarlet Justice* do's the *Bench* Ascend,
 To hear the *Smooth Tongu'd* Advocates Contend,
 And bring each weighty *Diff'rence* to its doubtful End.
 What, tho' at Court I've met with small Regard,
 Where *Fawning Slaves* and *Flatterers* seek Reward.

et how can *Honesty* Ill Usage fear,
 here *Equity* and *Law* in *Pomp* appear.

[*Exit Honesty.*]

A C T II.

Scene *Westminster-Hall, with the
 Court Sitting.*

[*Enter Honesty among the Lawyers.*]

H Ark how the wrangling Tongues of Counsel Brawl,
 In every Crowded Corner of the *Hall*;
 What Pains they take to unfold each knotty Case,
 And give each Client's Cause an honest Face;
 Whilst the Contending Foes 'twixt Hope and Fear,
 Creep up behind, the Learn'd Debates to hear;
 Matter'd one Moment that the Day's their own;
 Trembling the next, left Cast, and quite undone:
 No doubtful *Gamesters*, 'twixt the *Chance* and *Main*,
 Now fear they *Loose*, next Minute hope to *Gain*;
 What shall I say to smooch this Learned Throng,
 Assembl'd to Distinguish *Right* from *Wrong*,

I know not how to Application make,
 Tho' I for Succour *Pine*, I fear to *Speak*.
 Yonder a Knot of Grizly Sages stand,
 Consulting of some Weighty Cause in Hand:
 I'll Courage take, and with my Pauper's Face,
 Open to the Grave *Cabal* my Wretched Case.

Dear Worthby Sirs, whose Sable Garment shew,
Tom Justice in her Glorious Tracts pursue,
And Learn'd is the Nation's Crabbed Laws Delight,
To Ease th' Oppress'd, and Do the Injur'd Right;
Behold a Wandring Maid, tho' Lov'd of Heav'n,
In this Base World from Post to Pillar driv'n;
Hungry and Cold, for Want of Food and Fire,
And thus Disguis'd in Scandalous Attire;
At Court in vain, I humbly sought Relief,
But there they only added to my Grief,
Despis'd my Rags, were Deaf to my Complaints,
And made my Sins the Author of my Wants;
Tho' Heav'n, that knows the Secrets of my Breast,
Can witness, tho' I am Poor, I'm truly Chast.

*This Severe Usage made me quit the Court.
 And hither Fly, where Justice do's Resort,
 In hopes Poor Virtue, thus Oppress'd might find,
 Your Worthy Robe more Merciful and Kind.*

[*One Lawyer to Another.*]

*The Dirty Pugg may serve Love's Fire to Quench,
 Faith, Brother, 'tis a Wondrous Pretty Wench!
 He'll soon leave Begging when she knows the Town;
 Such Look will make a Tatter'd Smock go down:*

[*2 Lawyer.*]

*Fie! Brother, Fie! You Talk, upon my Life,
 As wild, as if you'd quite forgot your Coiff;
 We are Old, and shou'd Despise that Youthful Thought;
 And tho' we can't, the World wou'd think we ought.*

[*3 Lawyer.*]

*For Shame, don't Raise such Blushes in the Maid,
 She thinks 'tis time that our Colts-Teeth were Shed.
 Tho' Sixty Odd, I such a Lafs cou'd Please,
 And make Her know, that an Old Rat loves Cheese.
 Tell us, My Pretty Maid, from whence you came?
 The Cause of thy Distress, and what's thy Name?*

C

Honesty.

Honesty.

On distant *Plains* till now, I've Liv'd conceal'd,
 Which with due *Food* and *Rayment* yield,
 Born of a Race *Divine*, tho' *Poor* and *Bare*,
Justice and *Mercy* my *Relations* are;
 No *Prince* on Earth a Nobler *Kin* can Boast;
 Tho' now by *Wicked Means* I am almost lost.
Virtue and *Truth* my *Loving Sisters* be;
 And tho' thus *Wretched*, I am *Honesty*,
 Come hither in this *Despicable* Drefs,
 In hopes with *Pity* you wou'd hear my Case.

[1 *Lawyer* and

Honesty, Brethren! There's a Saucy Jade?
 What Business has she here? Why sure she's Mad?
 Did ever such a Brazen Minx appear
 Before the *Publick Hall* at *Westminster*?

[2 *Lawyer* re

Begone, Bold Huffy; or I'll Move my L—d,
 To give your Impudence its just Reward.

Ho Mu

How dare you show that *Despicable Face*,
 Where *Gown-Men* Rendezvous, and *Law* takes Place?

[3 *Lawyer.*]

Hang her a Jilt, when she was valu'd here,
 And Carefully Preserv'd by Pr ——— and P——r,
 The Painful *Lawyers* Labour'd, but in Vain,
 And were the Peoples Slaves for Little Gain;
 Took Mod'rate Fees, not Daring to Encroach,
 And hither Gladly Trudg'd without a Coach;
 But since the *Jade* was Banish'd by the Gown,
 She Wanders like an *Out-law* up and down,
 You see our Tongues are Valu'd at High Rates,
 And our *Dark Deeds* yield *Visible Estates*.

Lawyer turning to Honesty.

Begone, Bold *Vagrant*, with thy Frightful Looks!
 Thou'rt but a *Mankin* here, that Scares the *Rooks*;
 Presume no more within these Walls to come,
 But let some Parish *Alms-House* be thy Home;
 For *Honesty*, whilst Indigent and Bare,
 Must ne're Expect to find *Compassion* Here.

Honesty

Honesty sneaks off, and speaks aside

Wou'd I again from *Human Sight* was hid,
 In some dark Gloom, where Soft *Meanders* Glide,
 That Gen'rous *Nature*, so Profusely Good,
 Might from its wild Exuberance yield me Food,
 Amongst the *Reeds* and *Flags* I'd *Rayment* find,
 And with my *Fingers* Weave 'em to my *Mind*;
 For who Enrich'd with *Jewels* of Content,
 Needs *Dainty Food* or *Costly Ornament*?
 The Feather'd Choir, with their Harmonious Laws,
 Shou'd sweeten Life, and bless my Happy Days;
 And the kind *Murmurs* of the Neigh'ring Streams,
 At Night shou'd Lull me into Pleasant Dreams:
Nature's wild Off-springs shou'd around me Graze,
 And *Hurtless* on a *Harmless* Creature Gaze,
 But where no *Human Monster* cou'd be found,
 To vex my Life, and Curse the happy Ground:
 For oh! how *Base* and *Faitblefs* must they be,
 Who look with such *Contempt* on *Honesty*?

since by Fate at present I am Deceed,
 amongst the *Cruel Race* to seek my *Bread* :
 Move the *Meaner Classis* e're I go,
 whose Hearts, perhaps, may more *Compassion* show.
 There comes a *Tribe* of *Busy Agents* on,
 who Bustle in a *Sphere* beneath the *Gown* ;
 I try, if I with them can Interceed,
 that those that spare to *Speak*, must miss to *Speed*.

Dears Sirs, *With Eyes of Pity*, I pray Behold,
 A *Wretch* near *Perish'd* with the *Winter's Cold* ;
 Who wanders up and down, but cannot find,
 The *Frozen World* to *Charity Inclined*.
 Once was I *Nurs'd* with *Tenderness* and *Care*,
 and as a *Darling* Valued every where :
 I was lov'd by the *Tradesmen*, *Scholar*, and the *Saint*,
 As'd as the *Happy Author* of *Content* ;
 But now alas! *Expos'd* to *Misery* and *Want*.
 For *Honesty*, the *Moral Name* I bear,
 And all my *Actions* *Consentaneous* are :

Let

Let therefore your *Compassion* Ease my Grief,
Who Sues in *Forma Pauperis* for Relief.

[1 Attorney

Zook, Brother Snap ; A Wonder I Protest !
Pray look behind Thee, Here's a Welcome Guest ?
A Scurvy Omen, Heaven mend us All !
To have *Honesty* among Us in the Hall !
Who cou'd have ever thought *She* shou'd Dare,
To show her *Starved Face* at *Westminster* ?

[2 Attorney

I'll warrant the Baggage comes to Pry about,
And like a *Pick-Thank*, find our *Failings* out :
Let us but hide our *Bills*, and we are Safe,
She may Beg on, and Whine, We'll Win and Laugh

[3 Attorney

Thou Young Troublesome, Bold Slut, withdraw,
Such *Vagrants* shou'd be Punish'd by the Law.
Go, keep the *City Knave* from Cozenage free,
We have Nothing here to do with *Honesty* ;

Shou

you'd the Great Men but see your *Startling Face*,
 they'll Teach you to Defile this *Sacred Place*.

*Honesty is Whisper'd in the Ear by
 a Ruin'd Client.*

Sweet-Heart, let me Advice Thee to Retire,
 for *Honesty* is a Perfect *Scare-Crow* here,
 whilst Law such Crowds of *Gripping Wolves* supports,
 and such *Litigious Swarms* surround her Courts,
 thou canst from them no more for *Pity Hope*,
 than *Hereticks* for Mercy from the *Pope*.
 I heard with Sad Concern thy Sad Complaint,
 and Gladly wou'd Relieve Thee, but I can't:
 the *Ravenous Law* has Swallow'd up my Store,
 and in pursuit of *Justice*, left me Poor.

Honesty [*aside.*]

Hard-hearted *Scribes*! How Sordid and Unkind?
 And ever Wretch such Cruel Usage find?

How

How can the Great, the Grave, the Learned, the Wi
 That do to Rich, and Lofty Stations rise,
 Look down with Scorn, and such *Ill-Nature* show,
 To *Honesty*, that *Starving* Creeps below ?
 O wou'd but Heav'n to *Wealthy Men* Reveal,
 The *Wants* which some *Poor Wretches* feel !
 The *Rigid Miser* wou'd Unbolt his Door,
 And bid a Harty Welcome to the *Poor*.
 Tho' I've all these Disappointments met,
 And on the Lowest *Step* of *Scorn* am set,
 I'll Chear my Heart, and-thro' the *City Range*,
Honesty yet, may be Esteem'd on *Change*.
 For since *Starv'd Charity* is grown so Cold,
 Amongst *Great Men*, We *Beggars* must be Bold.

[Exit *Honesty*]

A C T III.

Scene *The CITY.**Honesty Begging along the City.*

O Ear, Tender Citizens; some Comfort Spare,
 To a Poor Object, Worthy of your Care:
 Beneath my *Miseries* may you never fall,
 At full Command the Choice of *Leaden-Hall*,
 May Pity that Forlorn and Friendless *She*,
 The Uncharitable World calls *Honesty*.
 Behold my Feeble Limbs, and *Meagre Face*,
 My *Naked Feet*, my *Cold*, and *Tatter'd Dress*.
 Open your *Hearts*, your *Charity* Extend,
 That in this *Poor Condition* I may find,
 Within these Antient Walls some *Christian Friend*.

D

Linnen

Linnen Draper.

Honesty! with a Pox to her ; Run, Tom :
 And fetch a *Pail of Water*, or a *Broom*.
 If She comes hither, Wash the Lazy Whore,
 Or sweep the *Dirty Baggage* from the Door ;
 Let her not Step within the *Shop*, besure :
 For as I live, I know the Hide-bound Jade,
 If Countenanc'd, wou'd Spoil the *Linnen Trade*.
 None like *She* scorns to Wear a *Smock*, we see,
 'Tis more the Effect of *Pride*, than *Poverty*.
 We shall have *Filts* to the same *Fashion* brought,
 Because, like her, they wou'd be Honest thought :
 And in *Good Faith*, shou'd they no *Linnen* Wear,
 Our Wives wou'd soon be forc'd to go as Bare.

A Precise Apothecary to his Man.

Theophilus, on due Precogitation,
 'Twill be Producing to our Preservation,

That you Step Backward to the *Rubbish Hovel*,
And thence advance the Longest *Paring-Shovel*;
For *Honesty*, that Squeamish Jade, I see,
As, God be thanked, Reduc'd to *Beggary*;
She *Mendicates* this Way, I fear she'll stop;
To Crave a Dram of Comfort at my Shop,
But pray be sure you Give her not a Drop.
If She assumes the Impudence to come,
And ask for me, Respond, I'm not at Home;
For shou'd the Jade behind the *Compter* run,
In *Verbo Medici*, We are quite Undone;
She'll Fracture all my *Pots*, confound my *Pills*,
And in a Rage *Incinerate* all my *Bills*.

Honesty [*aside.*]

The City too are Heedless to my Wants;
Sure all *Mankind* are Deaf to my Complaints:
How they Sneak back, and downwards cast their *Eyes*,
And stop their *Ears* against my Mournful Cries!
Alas! How hateful are the *Just* and *Poor*!
The Wealthy Knaves that Wallow in their Store!

Vicualler

*Victualler to the Bar-Keeper and
his Servants.*

Nouns *Wife*! Go lay the *Double Chalk* aside!
And *Rowls* of *Eighteen* to the *Dozen*, hide!
Here *Jack*, *Tom*, *Harry*, *VWill*, ye *Careless Rogues*!
Make haste, and take away the *Little Muggs*!
Here's *Honesty* approaching, by my *Troth*!
Who knows but she may call to *Squench* her *Drowth*
And if she shou'd, we must not shut the *Door*.
You know our *License* binds us to *Obey*
The *Meaneſt Vassals*, if they can but *Pay*;
Who knows but the *Sly Gypſie* may *Inform*?
I've heard the *Jade* does many a *Man Undo*,
I *Dread* her *More*, than all my *Lord M——r's Crew*
Oho! I thank my *Stars*, she's past my *Door*!
Now, as you were, *My Lads*, the *Danger's o're*

Honesty

Honesty (*aside.*)

Bless me! How all the *City* seems Amus'd!

And Scowre about in Sholes, as if Confus'd!

How frightful is my *honest Aspect* grown!

That Men in such *Disorder* from me Run!

And with seeming Hatred on my Face!

And, like *Infection*, shun me as I pass!

Grocer to his Next Neighbour, a Hosier.

Adzings! Here's *Honesty* among Us come!

Why can't the Lazy *Carrion* keep at Home?

Neighbour, methinks, 'tis both a *Shame* and *Pity*,

That *Vagrants* shou'd be Suffer'd in the *City*?

Shou'd she come Near my *Shop*, upon my Word,

To take the the Lazy *Trull* before my Lord:

For he, I'm sure, will Countenance no Jade,

That's such an *Open Enemy* to Trade;

Were

VVere she allow'd to Scout, and Pry about,
 VVhat must become of all Damag'd Fruit ?
 Or if a Weight shou'd chance to prove too Light,
 VVhy shou'd *She* think herself Affronted by't ?
 The *Buyer* ought to Lose, because 'tis Plain,
 VVe can't grow Rich without Immod'rate Gain,
 And who wou'd be that Drudge ? Efaith, not I,
 To live a *Retale Slave*, and a *Poor Beggar* die ?

Hosier.

Shou'd we not take the Liberty, God knows,
 To put off *Leicestershire*, for *Strawbridge Hose*,
 And use some other *Little Sights*, our Trade,
 VVou'd scarce produce *Fat Fowls* to Greese our *Bees*
 And must *Dame Honesty*, forsooth, give Rules ?
 VVhich if Observ'd, wou'd make Us *Starving* *Fools*
 E'en let her Beg, and Hag her Misery,
 I'm sure she shall have no Support from Me.

Hon e kn

Honesty *Enters the Exchange.*

Good Pious *Christians*, who are hither come,
In all the Trading Parts of *Christendom* :

Join with Pity to my Complaint,

Honesty Reduc'd to Rags and Want:

Whose hopes of Succour, have, alas, been Crost,

Save me now, or I'm for ever Lost.

[1 Merchant.]

Withee, *Sweet-heart*, thy Hideous Cries forbear,

Doubt you'll find but cold Reception here ;

Be not to *Change*, but to our Churches go,

Let the Clergy thy Condition know :

For thou shou'd thy Chiefest Benefactors be,

Who can have no Regard to *Honesty*.

[2 Merchant.]

Withee Disturb us not with Sighs and Tears,

For you know you've Starv'd in *England* many Years ;

You

You take wrong Measures, and are much Deceiv'd,
 If you expect on *Change* to be Reliev'd;
 For *Honesty* and *Trade* move different ways,
 And where one *Thrives*, the other soon *Decays*.

[3 Merchants]

To *Cells* and *Cloysters* you your Course shou'd steer
 Alas ! we have no Business for you here :
 Or else Abroad to our *Plantations* fly,
 And in our *Western Isles* thy Fortune try;
 You'll prove a *Stranger* in that Sultry Air,
 And *Strangers* always are most Welcome There.
 You see Old *England* Frowns upon thy Wants,
 Visit the *New*, and try the *Boston* Saints :
 Conceal thy *Name*, and thou may'st There grow Rich
 But if thou'rt known, they'll Burn thee for a *Witch*;
 Poor *Honesty* is Despis'd, if once Reveal'd,
 And can be no where Safe unless Conceal'd.

(133)
O wicked Age! that *Honesty* shou'd find,
Little *Charity* amongst Mankind.
Poor *Indians*, whom the *Christian* World deride,
That follow *Nature* as their only *Guide*:
Untaught by *Scriptures*, Unimprov'd by *Schools*,
That from *Dumb Reason* draw their doubtful *Rules*;
Are such wild *Savage* Slaves, who little know
Of Heav'n's Laws, wou'd much more Pity show,
Than let Poor *Honesty* become their Sport,
And perish thus, for want of *Due Support*.

Cruel *City*! to Refuse your Aid,
To a Starv'd Wretch to this *Sad End* Betray'd;
When pending *Mischiefs* threaten you, take heed,
Lest when I'm gone, your Ruine shou'd succeed;
For *Kingdoms* do from Me their Strength derive,
And *Towns* without Me, never yet cou'd Thrive:

E

But

But since I'm Hated, Slighted, and Abus'd,
 And by all *PARTY's* thus Severely us'd,
 I'm call'd Aloft, where I with Speed must go,
 And leave you to Repent your *Ills* below.

[She D



F I N I S.

THE

THE EPILOGUE.

P OOR *Honesty*, She's gone, we've seen her Last,
Her wants are Ended, and her *Mis'ries* past:

Many, I heard, at her *Sad Exit* Griev'd,

Who never cou'd Endure Her whilst she liv'd:

For *Knaves*, like *Shears*, whose *Edges* are so *Keen*,

Must cut *Themselves*, as we have often seen

For want of *Honesty* to put between:

For now she's gone, say they, we've Cause to Fear,

All Men will Prove as *Errant Knaves*, as we are;

And then warm *Fars* and *Struggles* must arise,

About which *Knave* must be the Other's *Prize*,

Like

Like *Poison*, they care not to *Oppose*
Each other, because there's Nothing got, but *Blow*
Sharks hate to Bite *Sharks*, the *Wolf* we find,
Cares not *Hungry* to Assault his Kind;
But now *Poor Honesty* is Snatch'd away,
'Tis well if *Men* don't prove worse *Brave* than they

As I had not view; we've lost her *Love*,
Her *Wants* are faded, and her *Wishes* past;

And, I think, at her *Self* given,
Who never could have been so *Wise* as I;

And *Wishes* like *Sharks* are to be *Wise*;

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